

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

You never can tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind—he it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm;
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act,
Just what the result will be;
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though its harvest you may not see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree
shall grow
And shelter the brows that toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE HELMET.

"But, uncle—I love my cousin!"
"Get out!"
"Give her to me!"
"Don't bother me!"
"It will be my death!"
"Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."
"Pray—"

My uncle, whose back had been towards me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.
"Never!" he cried; "never! do you hear what I say?"
And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:

"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it, by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes!'"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furnishing of a big, doublehanded sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and *objets d'art*, No. 53 Rue des Claqueuses, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Mar-seilles and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres and muskets, and picture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffer of all sorts, and statues of saints one-armed or one-legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knick-knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals and miniatures ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbors said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a Municipal Councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but under it all not in the least degree an up-kind sort of man—such was my uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who as soon as I left school had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a Municipal Councillor, he was yet more, and above all, he was the father of my cousin, Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.
Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased

that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; five o'clock was striking. "The Council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word it made a mouthful; for a pin he would have saluted it bareheaded. But this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat and laying down his glass he called out:

"Rose, bring me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning toward me, he added in a lower tone and speaking very quickly:

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'yes,' try, but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile don't you'll succeed. Meanwhile don't you'll succeed."

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's hat and cane, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my doublehanded sword. Rose came quietly toward me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all it was his fault! He was not there; I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.
"Are you angry with me?" I asked tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still, and since he must be forced to say 'Yes,' I will force him to say it!"

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it.

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we moved away from each other; I returned to my doublehanded sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting, with a corner of her apron, a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no!—a superb, monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle, "but it's a superb piece, and when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up, will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night on reaching my room, I went at once to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said, and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But, after lying awake for an hour with-

out receiving any assistance, I fell off to sleep, and till next morning did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a fourteenth century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle, clad in complete armor and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering whirl.

The next day—ah, the next day—I was no nearer. In vain, with clinched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as to almost break the iron—not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun; my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me; but I could think of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At three o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner time in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind, I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet. "You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering; I could not do better than allow it to blow over. But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armor, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulder," he muttered, and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget-piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing, thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle; with head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan.

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter, for my uncle, stumpy, fat and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

Threateningly he came towards me.

"The hinges! the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hotel-de-Ville, striking five was heard.

"The Municipal Council!" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick! help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterwards!"

But suddenly, likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated, firmly, "I'll not help you out, unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it!"—I had burned my ships!

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I will call in all your neighbors, and then go and find the Municipal Council!"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be

made to say 'yes'—say it, or I will call in the neighbors!"

The clock was still striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle. "But make haste!"
"On your word of honor?"
"On my word of honor?"

The visor gave way, the gorget-piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy. Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the Municipal Council, entered the shop. "Are you coming?" he asked "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle. And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, at little, and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then—

"Rose—come here!"
Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do, yesterday?" I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.

"To give him your hand," he added.

"Do you love him?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side, the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper, I added quickly, "Forgive me!"

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry her, then, donkey, since you love her, and I give her to you!"

"Ah!—uncle!"

"Ah!—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy, that's all I ask."

And in turn, he whispered in my ear:

"I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose, but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

I give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the Rue des Claqueuses, No. 53, at the place of honor in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.—
From the French in Strand Magazine.

ST. LOUIS.

THE CHARITY UNION.

At the last meeting of the Charity Union, it was decided to have entertainments on the following dates, and they will be in charge of different—

COMMITTEES.

Oct. 31, 1896—Misses Roper, Nichols, Mrs. Harden, Messrs. Chenery and Hammer.

Dec. 10, 1896—Mrs. Cloud, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Misses Pearce and Mooney.

Jan. 1, 1897—Miss Conway, Mr. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider and Miss Borgmann.

Feb. 19, 1897—Mr. and Mrs. Udell, Mr. Rodenberger and Miss Klug.

April 30, 1897—Misses Herdman, Schum, Messrs. Jones, Phelps and Crusius.

June, 12, 1897—Misses Nichols, Herdman, Roper, Messrs. Chenery, Jones and Miller.

A. M. ROPER,
Secretary.

It is only when the Lord's forces are divided that the devil comes out ahead.

Holding on to any kind of a sin, will sooner or later cause us to give up Christ.

SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.

AT WORMUTH'S COTTAGE—DEAF WOMAN IN JAIL—ALMOST DROWNED—INTERESTING ITEMS.

I have been been a resident of this county for twelve years, and as far as my recollection goes, there has never been a more successful boarding season than the one just passed away, but fresh in the memory of those who have enjoyed it, more than it could be expressed in words.

This country has more advantages as a healthy resort over most other counties in this State. It is a matter of peculiarity that the deaf, on a large scale, do not try the scenes of healthful, prosperous hamlets, innumerable pleasure resorts, where boating and fishing and where men and women, boys and girls are made better and healthier for their lots being cast in many pleasant places.

The Idlewild House, Fosterdale, N. Y., was the scene of much merriment during the summer. She had for her guests: Walter McDougal, of Jersey City; Leo. Greis, Mrs. Chas. T. Thompson and son Charley, Miss Annie C. Kugeler, and a host of hearing people all of New York City.

Mr. Leo. Greis made his fifth annual pilgrimage to Sullivan County. He spent the first three summers at the boarding house of George Henry at Lake Huntington and the last two at Idlewild House.

After spending four weeks there, receiving the benefit to his health, Mr. W. McDougal left for Binghamton, N. Y., where he was the guest of some friends before he returned to his place of business.

Mrs. Chas. T. Thompson, after spending one week at the Henry Cottage in Lake Huntington, packed up and went to Fosterdale, where the last three weeks of much enjoyment was had. Little Charley, Jr., had her constant care and attention, but this did not interfere with her pleasures. He is a bright and cunning little kid of four years and the pride of his parents.

Annie C. Kugeler was with Mrs. Thompson during all of the latter's stay. Although, Miss Kugeler enjoyed her time to her heart's content, she came near being a victim of two accidents, one of which might prove fatal or result in an untimely death. With a party of bathers she went to the lake at Huntington. Believing the shore of the lake was an inclined plane like that of Coney Island, she stepped in at the edge of the water, and without precaution she advanced forward, but soon lost her step and went down. Before going further down she made the water splash by her violent gestures, which attracted the attention of the other bathers, who were prompt to her rescue, thus saving her life.

A neglected, lighted cigar, rolled under her dress, while she was sitting on the porch staring far out in the field across the road, perhaps dreaming of a lonesome friend in the metropolis. The smell of the smoke and a glance at the starting flames helped to put her attention to it, which was soon extinguished before much damage was done, though it cost her new silk dress a trifle.

She told the writer, who spent three days there, that she has been perfectly satisfied with her stay there and will come again next summer. The reason she did not come as soon as the season opened, has caused her a pang of regret.

Mr. Charles T. Thompson peddled his "silent steed" from Newburg, N. Y., to Fosterdale, a distance of sixty-four miles, in six hours. He spent three days with his family at Idlewild House. He regretted that, owing to pressing business, he could not stay more than a week. Mr. Geo. W. Wormuth, proprietor of the Idlewild House, drove his guests to interesting and charming places in Sullivan County.

Mr. Wormuth deserves credit for the able manner in which he handles his business. He has an immense crop on his farm this year. Having purchased five acres of land near Lake Huntington, he wants to sell his large farm of 314 acres. He intends building a large summer hotel some where near the lake. As a lake is

always an object of interest to sight-seers, he will have the assurance of receiving more boarders. Let success crown his good efforts.

During a week's visit to a friend of mine, I took this opportunity to look inside of the county jail at Monticello, N. Y., and was struck to behold a woman, small in size and of a delicate constitution. She is stone deaf, and so nearly blind that she is obliged to use a small slate and a piece of white crayon as a means of communication. At the age of fourteen scarlet fever robbed her of the sense of hearing. As she was without a home by that time, she had to work hard to make a living instead of going to some Institution to be better educated. Eight years ago she came to Daniel Kerney, of Thompsonville, and has lived with him ever since. She was averse to have any one know or see her staying with "Dan."

She claimed she was married to him while he claims she is not. He is considered to be worth \$50,000, which he has accumulated through long years of shrewd business on the Pacific coast. James Dougherty, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Kerney, had his wife to prepare some delicacies and the moment he was about to go to Mr. Kerney's home he met Charlotte Yorke, the deaf woman, by the gate, with a pail of slacked lime or whitewash which she threw straight at Dougherty's face, scalding him painfully and probably destroying the sight of one eye. She was therefore arrested, and on Monday, July 27th, Squire W. B. McWilliam committed her to await the action of the Grand Jury. Before coming to Daniel Kerney, Charlotte Yorke had worked with her relatives. Her condition is pitiable. She is fifty-three years old. She wanted his money.

William H. Reymann, after five years' employment as kilnman in an acid factory in Livingston Manor, has left that position and is staying with his parents until he gets something else to do. He goes to Pennsylvania next week.

For the first time since she left Fanwood thirteen years ago, Miss Carrie E. Sprague has secured a position as scrubber or washwoman, I presume, in Lew-Beach, N. Y. Had she no aversion to man, she might not have held such position.

William E. Hawley has a position as farm hand in Rockland, N. Y. The father of Miss Katie Knack has moved from Tremont Centre to Roscoe, N. Y., where he has employment in a chemical concern there. Miss Knack has had something to do in a boarding house this summer.

Mrs. S. B. Edwards has been spending the whole summer in Eureka, N. Y., her home. In the meantime, Mr. Edwards was working at odd jobs. He is expected to step in Mr. Reymann's shoes as kiln-man at the Mandeville Acid Works.

Mrs. John Brainsland, of Downsville, N. Y., is engaged to be married to a hearing man soon. Her late husband was also a hearing man. After a period of six years of happy marriage life, he died of consumption fourteen months ago. Mrs. Brainsland is known among the Fanwood graduates and former pupils as Miss Annie Howard.

Through pluck and perseverance Miss Katie Keefe never wants employment. Since she graduated from the High Class at Fanwood with honors in 1890, she has held several different positions—domestic work in private families, especially dressmaking and sewing, to which she is better adapted. She is an interesting young lady, wooing and winning the love and admiration of her many friends. She intends to spend a few weeks in New York City and vicinity some time during October. Letters have been erroneously directed to Livingston Manor, N. Y., to her, which should be addressed De. Bruce, Sullivan Co., N. Y., instead, which is her "Home, Sweet Home."

John Shea, of New York, was in Middletown and Liberty, where he played baseball for the Asylums of the former place against the Mecca of the latter. Of the four games in which he participated, three have been won. He was with the writer at the N. Y. O. & St. R. R. Con-

ductors' clambake, August 20th, and seemed to enjoy himself immensely.

Livingston Manor has been very fortunate in having the clambakes take place on her grounds almost annually for the past ten years. On each of these occasions the deaf are always to be found. This year there were four, but they had no group as formerly. There are often found hearing people who talk with the deaf, so you see they are not left in the hole.

Miss Elsie Blum, a pretty blonde and a semi-mute pupil of Prof. Green's oral school, New York City, has been summering in Jeffersonville, N. Y. Her charms were very captivating and she had for part of her time the company of a young fellow similarly afflicted. Her mother and five sisters were with her.

I am told that there is another uneducated little boy who lives in Hankins, N. Y. If I find out the truth I shall report it to the authorities at the New York Institution.

Frank McMickle has good employment in the painting department of the N. Y. O. & St. R. R. shops at Middletown, N. Y. His brother Morris has become a member of one of the hose companies of that place. He has been separated from his hearing wife. The consequences are not worth relating.
R. H. G.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

PRINTING.

Too much care can not be taken of the young boys or girls who are now learning a trade at the educational schools for the deaf. Allow the children to form bad habits, and they will cling to them indefinitely, and these bad habits as we all know will prove a barrier in securing for them a permanent position after their school days are over.

The following which has just come to my notice, appeared in the *Colorado Index*, the Institution paper published at the School for the Deaf and Blind at Colorado Springs, Col.:—

Beginning with the next issue we will publish every week a report of the application, improvement and conduct of the boys in the printing-office. In one column will also be recorded the number of errors found in the proofs of matter set by each one. It is hoped that this may stimulate them into doing their best while in the shop.

Whether the above move was instigated by the head of the school or by the efficient foreman that is in charge of the young pupils who aspire to fame and fortune in learning the trade that inspired Benjamin Franklin to study and strive and made him great, I do not know, but this radical move affords ground for criticism. In the first place the blunders or successes of a boy in a printing office should not be heralded, as the praise bestowed on a boy will make him vain and lessen his efforts on the road of progress. Judicious encouragement is better than public praise, to make a boy constant in his efforts to improve. The boy who is eager to learn in a printing office should not be praised too much. "Pet a boy and you will spoil him," is a universally accepted maxim.

Worse still would it be to make the faults of the boy known outside of the office. Progress forced on a boy under shame, is not the true inwardness of success.

I presume the writer of the above item is a printer or understands the rules of a printing office, and therefore he ought to know better than to publish the errors found in the proofs set up by the apprentices. It won't stimulate the boys to do better, on the contrary it will make them afraid to go forward.

In giving this opinion, I do not wish to pose as a critic; having gone through the mill myself, I thought perhaps that my experience in the matter may be worth something.

There are to-day rather too many deaf-mutes who have only learned part of the trade, and the aim of all the instructors in printing offices of the schools for the deaf, should be to graduate good printers, especially as since the introduction of the typesetting machines, only the best printers are in demand. The third-raters have had their day.

A. QUAD.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

We extend thanks for a copy of the "Annual School Report of the City of Portland, Maine," which contains the report of the Portland School for the Deaf. It was our intention to review the latter, but the sentiments and comments of the editor of the *Minnesota Companion* cover the ground so well and so logically present the whole subject at issue, that we consider it better to reprint it, with the simple remark that we entirely coincide with the editor of the *Companion*:

In the ordinary affairs of life it is by results that we judge the efficiency or inefficiency of this or that plan, method, or system of doing things. But there will always be found people so wedded to their own theories as to be unconvinced, no matter how clearly results prove them in error.

For twenty years there was, in the city of Portland, Maine, a school for deaf children conducted on the pure oral plan. Its principal was one of the most earnest and capable oral teachers in the country. When she died, a re-organization of the school was determined on. A committee from the school board of the city went to the pure-oral Clarke Institution at Northampton, examined its methods, and then did the same at the combined system school at Hartford. The result of this comparison was that the committee reported unanimously in favor of the combined system. Accordingly, the pure-oral Portland School for the Deaf was re-established as a combined system school.

Naturally there were many who awaited with interest the results of the change. So far, after three years, they have been unqualifiedly in favor of the change. We have before us the Annual Report of the principal of the School, and we cannot do better than to quote from it at some length:

"In regard to methods of instruction, the marked approval of the parents of pupils and the people of Portland has stimulated and aided in no minor degree in carrying on the work. When the Combined System was introduced parents looked askance and feared their children were to be deprived of such speech as was attainable; the teachers of the school having been trained in pure-oral methods, were scarcely to be considered in entire sympathy; obstacles innumerable were to be surmounted. Changes necessarily were slowly effected, but now after two years of what may be safely called steady growth, we feel that the relative merits of the Combined System and the Pure Oral Method may be left to the decision of the patrons of the school. Those of the teachers who still cling to their early training, concede great improvement over former methods, while more than half of the former staff are strong advocates of the Combined System."

"Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, President of the National College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C., writes:—'The testimony of results in the Portland school in favor of the Combined System is unanswerable, and will go far toward settling the controversy of methods.'"

"Dr. Job Williams, Principal of the American School at Hartford, Connecticut, the oldest school for the deaf in the country, writes: 'In the success the Portland school has achieved under the Combined System, you have done a real service to the cause of deaf-mute education in this country.'"

"Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, on visiting the school a short time ago said: 'As much speech is taught in the Portland school as in any oral school.'"

"With such unqualified commen-

dation as the above, from the leading advocates of both systems, your Committee may feel justified in claiming that the Portland school is following the true Combined System, uniting in its work the best of all that is good in each.

"By the Pure-Oral Method the little deaf child is brought from his home, where his every whim has been gratified, and is taught 'through and by speech only.' Quoting the principal of an oral school, 'No language is given the child unless it be taken from the lips.'"

"By the Combined System 'the education interference' does not repress the child's mental activity. He is encouraged to express his thought in the way nature has provided, so that language may be given to interpret this thought. While every effort is made to have the child speak, the attainment of speech is at all times subservient to mental development, the acquisition of knowledge and the invigoration of the child's power."

"The most casual observer will recognize the fact that mechanical speech is valueless unaccompanied by the power to clothe the thought in language, however simple. Words properly combined form language; but the power to utter isolated words must not take precedence of the future happiness of the child, even though a parent selfishly craves for it."

"How the countenances of the children have changed, and 'Do you teach the dull ones now, too?' are arguments for the Combined System more potent than any advanced, and these are remarks made by cultured people who were formerly frequent visitors to the school."

Here we have half the former teachers of the school converted to the combined system, while the others concede improvement. The School Board of the city has given its testimony in favor of the new order, while even casual visitors notice the change for the better in the pupils. Above all, Dr. Bell, the great champion of speech teaching in America, admits that "as much speech is taught in the Portland school [under the combined system] as in any oral school." Is not this unimpeachable testimony of results enough to convince all who are amenable to reason? It should be.

THE friends of Dr. Noyes throughout the country may care to hear a word from him. He has been established in his new home since the 26th of June, and he is fully enjoying the freedom from responsibility, and the rest and quiet of his own residence. And it is a pleasant freiside in every sense of the word. Architect Hanson did his best, and there is not in Faribault a better planned and built house, or one more tastefully arranged for comfort, than that of Dr. Noyes. But in the house, that in which he take the most pride is the fine leather covered couch and the eight dining room chairs presented to him as a token of love by his "boys" and "girls" last June at the Reunion. Dr. Noyes is enjoying excellent health which he has had all summer, with the exception of the hot spell, which affected him as it did almost every one. When we say that he has not experienced the rest and quiet of a real home for thirty years, it can be readily understood how highly he appreciates the blessings he now has.—*Minnesota Companion*.

An intelligent semi-mute, who, as a member of the Fanwood Amateur Athletic Club, in 1877, brought honor to Fanwood, was met on Third Avenue, near Twenty-second Street, New York City, Sunday evening, by a trio of deaf-mutes, who were taking a walk up the avenue, after having dined at French cafe. The semi-mute above referred to is no other than William A. Emmons. He too had dined well, and seemed at peace with the world, and as he seldom meets any deaf-mutes, he wanted to show his three old school-mates the town. He looked the picture of health as of old, and does not seem to be bothered about who the next President of the United States will be. He has a steady job, and gets along "first rate."

FIBURON, CAL., Sept. 14.—Joe de Wolfe, a deaf-mute, ran amuck here last night. He attacked his aged mother and threw her into the street and started in to "do up" the rest of the town. The constable of Fiburon was absent, so a steam launch was sent to Sausalito for aid.

Constable R. R. Garrity of that town accompanied by Deputy R. Barry, came over and arrested the man.

De Wolfe was brought before Judge Berde of Sausalito to-day, and charged with battery and disturbing the peace. He was sentenced to sixty days in the County Jail.—*San Francisco Call*, Sept. 14.

Death of Henry Hoffman.

Henry Hoffman, of Lansingburg, N. Y., died on August 16th, at the age of 86 years. He was a graduate of the old 50th Street New York Institution. His death was caused by dropsy. The deceased was born deaf in Lansingburg in the year 1810. In 1825, and at the age of 15, he went to school in New York. Mr. Loofboro was principal of the Institution at the time, and remained so for three years, when he retired and Harvey P. Peet took his place. The deceased remained at school only four years. He was a painter by trade, and married Miss Magdalen Groesbeck, of New Scotland, N. Y., in 1856, and both settled down in Lansingburg, where they had been all the time. He had a deaf sister (Mrs. Atkins, twice a widow), who died about ten years ago. The widow Hoffman is going to move to another house, where she can keep and take care of herself.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Jane McK. Campbell has returned to her home in Ann Arbor Mich.

Every city or town where there are ten or more deaf-mutes should organize a society for their promotion.

The files have almost disappeared, and now the "little paper fraternity" have come out.

The number of changes of teachers at Schools for the Deaf is greater than ever before.

The deaf and dumb have only three senses, while some people who can hear and speak have no sense at all.

Miss Martha Jaycox, of New York City, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Myron R. Palmer, for a month, at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Jennie Traxler wishes to announce that the engagement between herself and Mr. Moses Loew, was broken last April.

A girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turner, Monday afternoon, September 28th. Mother and baby are doing well.

Wanted—Every deaf-mute who can read to take the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and keep posted on the silent world he or she lives in.

Since the bicycles have come more prominently in use, the word "silent" as applied to the machine has been adopted by the press.

A literary Society is badly needed in New York City. The Fanwood Quad Club would add to its glory, if literary was added to its constitution.

The Lexington Athletic Club? of New York City, is to try its hand at foot ball. This is a bold move; time will tell whether the writer is not right.—A. C.

There is a man in New York, according to "Harper's Round Table," who hates to talk to a sensible man, also hates to hear one talk. It is a pity he is not deaf.

The deaf do not seem to think that marriage is a failure, if we are to judge from the recent large number of marriages that have taken place the last few months.

The United States of America leads the world in inventions, but of the thousands of inventions recently announced from the Patent Office at Washington, none were for the restoration of the hearing of the deaf.

A girl baby was ushered into the household of Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller on Monday night, September 28th. Weighs 10 pounds. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

John P. Conlon and John Partington, of Brooklyn, N. Y., went to Albany on the new steamer Adirondack, and spent three days with Mr. H. Hurt at Averill Park, N. Y. They visited the State Capitol at Albany, and had an enjoyable time.

Among the deaf who witnessed the 57th Annual Fall Games of the New York Athletic Club, at Travers Island last Saturday afternoon, were Messrs. William H. Rose, Edwin A. Hodgson, I. Newton Soper, William G. Jones and Anthony Capelli.

On Saturday, October 3d, at Association Hall, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, the celebrated Twenty-third Street basketball team will play a game with the very fast team from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, of Washington Heights.—N. Y. Sun.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, at the beginning of his work in ministering to the deaf, intended, if he did not actually do so, teach a night school in New York City. Times have changed, and just at present a Club for the Deaf is what is needed to keep them from the saloons.

On the afternoon of August 23d, at Burke, N. Y., Lucius O. Smith, of Malone, and Miss Sue Brownlee, a graduate of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, were married. Mr. Smith is a stalwart young semi-mute farmer. His bride is a young lady of whom Lucius is very proud. They have the congratulations of a host of friends.

Mr. Geo. W. Parker, elder brother of Mrs. Wm. G. Gilbert, a cabin passenger of steamer Seminole, from Florida, died suddenly on Saturday, September 19th, 1896, and was buried at sea by the captain at the request of the mother, Mrs. Isabella Parker. Mr. Geo. W. Parker went to see his mother in Jacksonville, Fla., for his health, and to bring her back to New York. They left there on the 17th, and George died on the 19th. Mrs. Parker arrived at New York on the 21st. She lives with her daughter, Mrs. William G. Gilbert, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Heinrich von Treitschke, of Dresden, German historian, who lately died at Berlin, was one of the most extraordinary men of his time. When about four years old he became stone deaf, and remained so until the end of his life. Nevertheless, he went to school and became a leading pupil, although he never heard a word of his masters. By pure force of will he succeeded in preserving the power to speak, in a manner which enabled him to teach in the University and to debate in Parliament in a dry, grating voice, but still sufficiently comprehensible.—*British Deaf-Mute*.

CHICAGO.

"Dr. Cureall" at the Pas-a-Pas Club.

"STANDING ROOM ONLY" WAS THE SIGN.

Out-of-Town Visitors—Local Items.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3716 Wabash Ave., Chicago.]

The Fall and Winter entertainment season of the club was opened auspiciously Saturday evening.

"Dr. Cureall," the play given, was well chosen and, of the 250 or so people present, the writer doubts that any one went home disappointed. It has been more than once noticed that the Chicago *Chronicle* always sends a reporter to the entertainments of the club, and always one that not only knows his business but who seems to know how to take the deaf as a class, i. e., as a class of people who are not to be pitied and described as "un-



W. B. Wayman, as "Dr. Cureall."

fortunate, afflicted ones," etc. The reporter present Saturday wrote such an excellent account of the entertainment that the writer feels the *JOURNAL* readers will pardon him for using it instead of one of his own; so here it is in full:

DEAF-MUTES ENJOY DRAMA.

In the pretty quarters of the Pas-a-Pas Club, 28 Lake street, a rare performance was given last night. Deaf-mute actors played a comedy for a deaf-mute audience. The production was entitled, "Dr. Cureall," and the cast comprised only members of the club and lady friends. So excellent was the play and so well was the pantomime carried on, that the audience enjoyed itself better than the average theater assemblage which is sat with the best things of the mimic world.

Periodically the Pas-a-Pas Club holds its amateur theatricals for its members and their friends. The performances have invariably been very good and have been received with so much approbation that the club was encouraged to inaugurate another series of plays this winter, of which "Dr. Cureall" was the first.

A large audience tested the capacity of the club's theaterium. A number of persons were compelled to stand. In the entire audience there were very few who could talk and hear, and for once they had a disadvantage. Mrs. Lillian Latre, when the curtain rolled up the most prominent object in the room it disclosed was a portrait of William J. Bryan.

The following cast presented the comedy:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Cureall, who has a remedy for every-thing,.....W. B. Wayman
Mr. Alphonse De Jones, who wishes to raise a monster.....J. J. Kleinhans
Maria, a maid of fourteen.....Miss Bessie Wayman
Miss Brown, who wishes to reduce her flesh.....Miss Alice Brown
Miss Jane Scrimpins, who desire to bleach her hair.....Miss Alice Brown
Mrs. Rotchkins, a fond mother.....Miss Kate Rotchkins, her daughter, who is beautiful.....Miss Ben Frank
Mrs. Serophina Paddington, who wants to be tall.....Miss Orestes Treider
Mrs. Scrawny, who is anxious to be plump.....Mrs. E. D. Kingon
Mrs. Blooming, a handsome widow in search of a husband.....Miss Henrietta Burkhardt

Dr. Cureall was on the stage most of the time, and his own friends came to him. That is, they came to him in the latter part of the play, the second act. In the first act he was kept busy prescribing and securing fat fees. In the second act he was kept busy as busy apologizing for the prescriptions and retaining the fees he had pocketed.

Not being able to say his funny things aloud did not prevent Mr. Wayne from being a good doctor. He looked as wise as any Michigan avenue physician and mumbled all his patients as thoroughly as his brethren off the stage could do. He gave the same medicine to make Mrs. Brown thin as he did to make Mrs. Scrawny fat, but he charged Mrs. Brown \$6 and her antithesis \$12. And the appreciative audience laughed loud and long at his deception.

The same medicine was given to Mr. De Jones to raise a mustache. He was told to drink it, and the doctor designated \$7 on his fingers as about the right price for it. He prescribed the same mixture to make Miss Rotchkins less beautiful—she was very beautiful—and to make Miss Paddington tall, charging one \$8 and the other \$9.50. But one faked to palm of medicine on the husband-hunting widow, and the audience roared.

His medicine proved so good that his patients all called again and made life in the second act a burden to him and a joy to the audience. Miss Scrawny got so fat the door had to be chopped wider for her and she abused Dr. Cureall roundly. Miss Paddington, who had thought her medicine came high, had no difficulty on that score. The beautiful girl was very bold. And so on. It was all so very amusing that the audience was merry all the time. And the dialogue added much to the comedy.

It was a great night for the Pas-a-Pas club. Nothing in the way of opera or fine histrionics could have appealed so well to them as the pantomime play they thoroughly understood and enjoyed.

Benjamin Frank, as usual, had a girl's part, and that he played it to perfection none will gainsay. Miss Burkhardt, who is a New York State young lady, made her first appearance in club entertainments and succeed in making a hit. To

be brief, every member of the cast did exceedingly well, and Mr. Wayne may congratulate himself on having made his reputation as an entertainer. The fun was fast and furious "from start to finish"—one prolonged laugh and the promise of "Dr. Cureall" to perform his famous operation of "splitting your sides" was kept in a way that gave every one a pain or an ache in those portions of the anatomy controlled by one's risibilities. A telephone on the stage was in constant use by the "doctor" or his "office girl" and such "calls" as: "Mr. Regensburg has the bicycle fever," "Mr. Dougherty very ill from an attack of 'silver' fever;" "Mr. Codman very low from an overdose of the gold cure;" and so on *ad lib.*, which were written on a slate (blackboard) added to the laughter when it was seen how hard hit the parties in question looked. After the show Ben. Frank attempted to take two flashlight photographs of the players, but it is feared they will prove a failure owing to the "assistant" being rattled. (So Ben says).

The Ladies' Aid Society will give a noon-day luncheon at the M. E. Church lecture room Wednesday, October 7. Those who are employed down town would do well to get their lunches there on that day as the ladies made a record of serving good meals last year.

Frank Cope and Frank Hays, of Mishawka, Ind., Irwin Blood, of Milwaukee, W. E. Root, of Albion, N. Y., and Herbert Hathaway, of Elgin, Ill., were among the out-of-town folks seen at the entertainment Saturday. The two first named were the guests of Peter Gebraad.

W. E. Root, of Albion, N. Y., spent five days in Chicago seeing the sights. While here he was entertained by S. H. Howard, George Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kleinhans. Messrs. Howard and Taylor and Mrs. Kleinhans are old New York State friends of his, Mrs. Kleinhans being his classmate at the Rochester School.

W. B. Wayman lately told the writer that among the old locomotives in the Columbian Museum is the one which caused the death of a sister (also deaf) of his, on the Baltimore & Ohio road in West Virginia, twenty years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Hasenstab expects to go to Cutler, Ind., to see Miss Emma White, this week, Miss White being, as reported in last week's issue, in a dying condition.

Peter Gebraad was admitted to membership in the M. E. Church, Sunday, on probation.

The Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, in stating his intention of going to the Rock River Conference of the M. E. Church, at Freeport, remarked that some of his friends were curious to know why he was continually studying for examination, and he explained why. He said he is studying for two purposes, one of which was to pass examination for full membership in the Conference and the other was to receive Elder's orders. It will take him three more years to be admitted as an elder, and then he can administer Holy Communion, which he cannot do now. At present he is only allowed to marry and baptize people.

Don't fail to attend the Chicago Day celebration at the club on the evening of October 9, the anniversary of the Chicago Fire. C. C. Codman will have charge of the program, and those who know "3 Cs" guarantee satisfaction. Members are admitted free; non-members will have to add 25 cents a head to the club treasury.

Fredo Heyman (or Fred, as he is better known), one of the club members, is anxious that he should not be confounded with one "Fred Heyman" lately mentioned in the *JOURNAL* as a sort of ne'er-do-well. Fredo is a very quiet and unassuming young man, and he should rest assured Chicagoans know him well enough, but he fears outsiders may "see something" in the similarity of names, hence this paragraph.

F. P. G.

Mrs. H. M. Whittlesey.

Mrs. H. M. Whittlesey "crossed the river" to the Heavenly shore, August 13th.

Mrs. W., very early in life, lost her hearing, by illness. She bore the deprivation with cheerfulness. She was educated at Hartford, being possessed of a sunny disposition, gentle and lady-like in manner, won many friends. She held a strong religious faith, and was a devoted wife and sister.

It can be truly said of her, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

One who knew her well.

JULIA A. ALLEN.

DEERFIELD, MASS., Sept., '96.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

3-7:30 P.M., Social, a Lecture.
4-10:30 A.M., Holy Communion.
4-5 P.M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.
4-7:30 P.M., if possible.

Other appointments will follow. Write the Rev. A. W. Mann, at Gambier, Ohio. Gambier is the seat of Old Kenyon College, Bexley Theological Seminary, Kenyon Military Academy, and Harcourt School for Young Ladies. It is a place of unsurpassed beauty. The College and Seminary were founded seventy years ago by Philander Chase, D.D., first Bishop of Ohio.

FANWOOD.

Death of Hon. Albert M. Paterson.

THE CADET OFFICERS' ELECTION.

Football and Basketball--The Cadet Corps Re-organized

--Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The following is taken from the New York *Tribune* of September 24th. Mr. Paterson was a valued member of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution, and as Chairman of the Committee on Finance he rendered valuable service.

ALBERT M. PATTERSON.

Albert M. Patterson, who died at his home in Geneva, N. Y., on Tuesday, was well known in New York and Washington, as well as in Seneca County, where, for the last few years, he had made his home. He lived with his father, in 1873 he became connected with the Waterloo Woolen Manufacturing Company, of which he has since been president. He was member of the Merchants' Club in New York, and the Metropolitan Club of Washington. He was a director in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks.

Albert Mansfield Patterson was born in Boston in 1845. His father soon after moved to New York, where Albert was educated. He entered the class of 1864 at the College of the City of New York, but left there before being graduated to go into business with his father. In 1873 he became connected with the Waterloo Woolen Manufacturing Company, of which he has since been president. He was member of the Merchants' Club in New York, and the Metropolitan Club of Washington. He was a director in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks.

Mr. Patterson belonged to the Union League, University, Alpha Delta Phi and the Merchants' Club in New York, and the Metropolitan Club of Washington. He was a director in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks.

The S. D. V. held its annual election of officers in the Cadet officers' headquarters last Thursday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year. Enoch Henry Currier, Counselor; Robert H. McVea, President; Herman F. Beck, Vice-President; W. Konkel, Secretary; E. Mayer, Treasurer; L. Cohen, Librarian; J. Avens (Chairman), E. V. Moeslein, E. Ellis. J. H. Kaiser was nominated secretary, but declined re-election.

Friday afternoon, there was battalion parade in front of the academical building. Considering it was the first time, the boys did remarkably well.

Saturday afternoon the first football game took place on the Bailey Grounds. Captain McVea was unable to play, so Kiernan took his place. The teams lined up as follows:—

NAME.	POSITION.	NAME.
J. Ellfeld	Right End	E. Rappolt
J. Kaiser	Right Tackle	Orman
J. Mayer	Right Guard	Konkel
Allen	Centre	Prinsinzing
L. Cohen	Quarter Back	E. Ellis
Marks	Left End	H. Beck
Suk	Left Tackle	Izquierdo
Ulloa	Left Guard	J. Avens
Kiernan	Right Half Back	Reiff
Moeslein	Full Back	McVea (Capt.)
Munch	Left Half Back	Backman

The game was hotly contested from start to finish, two halves of 20 minutes each were played. In the first half Allen, the center, was disabled, Suk taking his place. No competent sub was on hand, so despite his sprained ankle, McVea went in. Under him, his side did a little better, but were overmatched in weight.

The game ended in favor of Mr. Cook's team, score 16-4. "H. Lamm was up on his wheel and acted as referee; Cooke, umpire; and C. Fletcher, linesman.

Saturday evening the first reunion of the pupils took place in the girls' sitting room. It was a very enjoyable affair. Dancing and games were indulged in till 9 o'clock, then after a short drill by the cadets, all retired. Nearly all the teachers and officers were present and contributed much towards the evening's enjoyment.

Saturday evening, October 3d, the basket ball team will play with the 23d Street Y. M. C. A. team. The team expects to have new uniforms soon. Blue and gold will be the chief colors.

The cadet corps has been re-organized, for the purpose of facilitating the daily drill. Three companies were organized and officers appointed. Below is the list:

Company A—R. H. McVea, Captain; H. F. Beck, First Sergeant; W. Konkel, Second Sergeant; M. Marks, Third Sergeant; Corporals: Bachman, Prinsinzing, Hatowsky and Ellfeld.

Company B—J. H. Kaiser, Captain; E. Rappoldt, First Sergeant; E. Mayer, Second Sergeant; H. Munch, Third Sergeant; Corporals: Hannon, Reiff, Burke and Sanford.

Company C—J. Avens, Captain; E. Ellis, First Sergeant; E. V. Moeslein, Second Sergeant; L.

Cohen, Third Sergeant; Corporals: Renner, Heuser, Landre, and Stern.

Battalion parade will take place every day at three o'clock till otherwise ordered. The boys are fast becoming proficient in the drill.

Mr. Isaac B. Gardner, a former tutor at Fanwood, but now editor of the *Optic*, was a visitor here, Monday. He looks the picture of health and does not seem to have changed much.

Mrs. E. H. Currier returned to the Institution from Cannon Point, Lake Champlain, on Tuesday evening.

J. H. K.

BALTIMORE.

Marion Thomas, an old pupil of the Philadelphia school, died some time ago after a long and lingering sickness, aged 55 years. He rarely mingled among the deaf of this city and was almost totally blind.

H. S. Anderson arrived home again last week after a two months' visit to relatives and friends in Virginia. He looked very thin and pale, and said that he had been sick with malaria for a long time. He also informed the writer that W. C. Ritter is lying very ill at his home and that he is very low.

Mr. O. J. Whildin did not go to Philadelphia last week as stated in our letter. He will go Monday, September 28th, to resume his studies at the theological college. He will return Saturday evening to hold services in the chapel on Sundays.

Mr. Philip Gelb of near this city will be married to Miss Ollie Linthicum, of Ijamsville, this state. The wedding has been announced to take place October 21st, D. E. Moylan officiating.

Peter Krastel went to school yesterday (Saturday), being detained at home to attend the wedding of his hearing sister, which took place Wednesday, Sept. 23d. The society held its first literary meeting on Wednesday evening, September 23d. The following gotten through was as follows. Story by O. J. Whildin, entitled, *An Adventure in Elephant Lands*, which was very interesting. He was followed by Miss Schulte, who related a short but good story. Mr. F. C. Lurman next gave a blood-curdling story, entitled "A Man Attacked by Wolves." The mock trial produced a good deal of laughter.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Bass caused a good deal of merriment by their original dialogue, "Right and Not Right." Miss M. Schuman closed with the "Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Henry Reamy was admitted as a new member. The membership of the Society is increasing very fast and there are several more applicants yet to be considered.

This clipping from one of the daily papers explains itself:

DEAF-MUTE NEARLY MURDERED.

Justice Wood was confronted by six ruffianly colored boys at the Northwestern Station this morning. They were arrested on a charge of night assault. Their victim, a deaf-mute, is in a critical condition at the Maryland General Hospital.

NEW YORK.

Politics an Easy Subject for the Deaf.

THEY KNOW THE POINTS EITHER WAY.

Loew-Traxler Engagement Off-Doings of the Deaf in Town and Off on Jaunts--The Drift of Conversation, Et Ceteras.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 236 East 59th Street, New York City.

There's very little going on now-a-days except a deal of talk, prospective, political and retrospective. At the usual rendezvous Sunday some of the best talkers among the deaf got into a political wrangle that spread till every one was talking in favor of this, that, or the other candidate. Thomas Godfrey is a red-hot Gold-Democrat on the one side and put forward argument after argument with a rapidity that seemed to change the atmospheric conditions of the corridors of the hotel. Tom Brown is a Republican and said so in signs and orally at the same time. A. H. Kohlmetz, the Popocrat (or Silver Democrat) gave some cold facts, which might have been given extra force had there been other silverites present than John F. O'Brien, who is a Tammanyite through and through. A. McL. Baxter espoused the cause of Republicanism, and has the proud distinction of being the brother of the candidate for assemblyman from the Tenth Assembly District. I. Golland and M. Loew, other staunch Republicans, also aided in stirring the atmosphere, while many others looked on and nodded assent or shook their heads with disapproval. One of the attaches of the Republican Headquarters made an informal poll among the deaf and left with impression that the deaf were about equally divided.

Moses W. Loew announces that the engagement between Miss Traxler and himself is broken off, for reasons best known to the parties concerned.

Henry J. Haight is back to town after a month's stay in the country. While away he has been devoting his time to sketching from nature. Alf. Kohlmetz last week won a cash prize in a shooting match.

J. F. O'Neil is in town again after several months in Ontario and the upper part of the State.

John Hogan has returned to town after quite a stay in Buffalo. He expects to get back to Trow's on East 12th Street.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society will hold a Halloween Party on October 31st. W. Hutton is looking after the details. The Young Men's Union of the Xavier Club hold their first meeting after the election of officers Thursday of this week.

Mrs. J. Dunlap will return home Sept. 30th, from a three months' stay in South Durham, Greene Co., N. Y. Mr. J. Dunlap will go up Saturday to accompany her home.

It is said Alfred Klemme will not return to America from Germany as long as his mother lives.

Those having the arrangements in charge for the L. A. C. ball are: J. D. Scott, Felix Simonson and Vincent Keely.

"The Gleaner's Budget" in the *Evening World* is worth watching. Pach often has something to say about the deaf.

The newest club is a bachelors' organization in Newark, N. J., with J. R. Newcomb head man, and Emil Schieffer recorder.

Will there be a Gallaudet Day celebration in town on Dec. 10th? Will the Quad Club undertake the task? Or will what remains of the M. L. A. draw further from its rapidly diminishing treasury? Let's hustle one way or the other. A small gathering at \$2.50 per plate or popular demonstration at 50 cents per plate should be discussed, with the smaller price the favorite. Let us have Gallaudet Day in spite of the social factions and at a popular price, where the masses can join the classes in honoring him whom all delight to honor.

Rev. Anson T. Colt, who a couple of years ago became a Catholic and recently re-embraced the old faith, preached at St. Ann's last Sunday.

Edward Halliley, of Syracuse, but now at Passaic, N. J., was in town Sunday in company with William Geiger.

The L. A. C. football team is now practicing and expects to make a good show with the Fanwoods on Nov. 3d.

Mr. John Viets, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, has gone to Jersey looking for a job.

A "Moving Party" is a new novelty that Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManus are about to introduce.

The friends of Miss Johanna Zetel hereabouts wish her success in the Introductory Class at Gallaudet

College, so she may enter the Freshman Class next year.

A fairly well-dressed mendicant, who claimed to be deaf, was begging around office buildings in Jersey City last week, giving the name of Joseph Smith. He was about five feet eight inches tall, and of good build, having a type-written request for pecuniary assistance and giving deafness as the cause of his plea. He trundled into the office where one of our deaf talents is compositor, and "vamosed the ranch" when confronted with a genuine master of the sign-language.

TED.

TEACHING THE DEAF

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET'S PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Washington Star, Sept. 22.

Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, president of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, read the following paper at Saratoga before the Social Science Association recently in session there:

For several years past an interesting modification of methods has been going on in the education of deaf-mutes in this country.

The manual method of De l'Epee and the oral method of Heinicke, long antagonistic, have come together harmoniously in a combined system, the salutary working of which with the deaf as a class is the most gratifying.

Time was when the supporters of the two leading methods were arrayed against each other in bitter strife. But it has been shown beyond question that the manual method, made use of alone, comes far short of doing all that can be done for the deaf in the way of their education. And it has been made equally clear that where the oral method is used exclusively, very much of the deaf fail of securing the mental development of which they are capable, and that a large proportion fall far short of success in their efforts to acquire speech.

The axiomatic conclusion has, therefore, been reached that no single method is sufficient for the complete training and development of all the deaf; from which it follows that any school limiting itself to a single method is at a clear disadvantage when its resources are compared with those of one that employs both methods in a judicious combination.

The testimony of careful and competent observers has led to these conclusions.

Prominent among such testimony is the recent report and action of the school board of Portland, Me., under whose direction a school for the deaf has been conducted for nearly twenty years.

In this school the oral method was used exclusively for sixteen years. An examination of the pupils by the school board led its members to fear that the method theretofore employed was insufficient.

FAVORED THE COMBINED SYSTEM.

A committee was appointed to visit the School for the Deaf at Hartford, Conn., known to be carried on under the combined system, and the school at Northampton, Mass., easily first among the oral schools of the country.

Careful investigations were made by the committee of the work done in both these schools, and its verdict was emphatically in favor of the combined system, which was at once adopted in the Portland school.

After an experience of more than two years the board and all friends of the school testify to the unquestioned superiority of combined system over the oral method. Among the most competent observers of results in the education of deaf children are the parents of such children.

Within the past few years many parents whose deaf children had been trained under the oral method exclusively have communicated to me their dissatisfaction with the result attained and have sought my aid in bringing their children under a broader and more elastic system.

I have seen such children, often dwarfed and hampered by the restraints of a single method, develop most satisfactorily and happily under a system combining all methods.

Experienced teachers of the deaf are competent observers of methods. Twenty-five years of observation by many of them from school to school in the United States have led to a consensus of opinion that is entitled to the greatest weight. And this consensus is expressed by the fact that four-fifths of the schools for the deaf in this country, containing nine-tenths of the pupils taught, are now conducted on the combined system.

The oral method, introduced from Germany into this country in 1868, has failed to secure any widespread recognition or acceptance as an independent method, while the teaching of speech under the judicial system has been taken up successfully in every one of the old schools.

It is important the public should know that the power of speech cannot be successfully imparted to every deaf child.

Zealous promoters of the oral method claim that this can be done. But the disproof of this claim by results is complete and notorious.

Edward Walther, principal of the institution for deaf-mutes at Berlin, one of the leading educators of Germany, speaks, in a recent important work on the training of the deaf, of the disposition of some teachers to overestimate results, and says: "Since it is hardly possible that they deceive themselves, their object must be to deceive others," and he adds the frank admission: "We must openly and candidly confess that we cannot bestow upon the deaf-mutes a power of speech that approaches the speech of hearing persons, nor a means of understanding the speech of others that is anything more than a meagre substitute for hearing."

In another part of his valuable book Walther speaks favorably of a certain use for the language of signs, according to it "inestimable advantage as a means of intellectual and moral development," and declaring "that every teacher of deaf should be thoroughly acquainted with it."

These utterances of Walther, than whom no abler supporter of oral teaching to the deaf can be found in any country, must be taken as a "sign of the times" of first importance, for they justify the position occupied by the supporters of the combined system in this country, and at the same time take the ground from under the feet of the pure oralists.

Other testimony from competent observers in Germany in support of a combination of methods comes from adult deaf-mutes, graduates of German schools, who in conventions, and by petitions to the imperial government, numerous signed, make known their conviction that the method under which they were trained is not satisfactory, and their desire that the schools of their country should adopt the American system.

TO ADOPT AMERICAN METHODS.

Similar testimony comes from the educated deaf of France, Italy, and the united kingdom. And in the latter country a purpose to adopt American methods has taken definite shape. For not long since the board of governors of the Institution for deaf-mutes and blind at Belfast, Ireland, decided that they would have an American principal who would conduct their schools on the combined system.

Disappointed in one or two efforts, the governor of that Institution, which is one of the largest and oldest on the British Isles, persisted in their purpose to come, so to speak, under the American flag, and I had the satisfaction, two weeks ago, of bidding God-speed to a young brother in my profession on his embarkation for Belfast, the first American principal of a British School for the deaf.

And England is not behind Ireland in her readiness to adopt American methods in the education of her deaf, for the youngest public school for that class in England, opened four years ago at Preston, adopted, by the formal vote of its directors, "the American combined system" as the basis of its educational work.

Those who take a pride in the success of American methods may well be gratified at the good judgment shown by American teachers of the deaf in taking the best in both the leading European methods, and by a happy combination securing results that are now commanding attention and imitation in the very countries in which these methods had long been the subject of fruitless strife.

One of the chief merits of the American combined system of educating the deaf is its elastic adaptability. The methods employed can be brought into conjunction in a great variety of ways, to suit conditions that are sure to vary in different communities.

Very large schools can have separate manual and oral departments. Others, where such division is impracticable, can have oral classes, and in small schools, where separate oral classes are out of the question, instruction in speech can be given the pupils individually by special teachers.

All these different arrangements are now in successful operation in the schools of this country, with results far more satisfactory than are reached in the generality of European schools.

Short Sleepers.

Edison can remain awake a week if his mind is wrapped up in a new discovery. There is a famous doctor in New York city who sleeps only forty winks at a time. Dr. Joseph Howe, of the same place, slept the last twenty years of his life in a Turkish bath. He could sleep nowhere else. Dr. Depew has lately acquired the habit of taking a siesta, and finds it beneficial. Webster could never stay awake later than nine o'clock. Many a time he was caught standing behind the door fast asleep.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Enjoyable Social Party.

A MATRIMONIAL KNOT TIED.

Club Notes and Personal Mention.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Quite an enjoyable sociable was given by All Souls' Club on Thursday evening, 24th inst., when some forty members were present. There was first an amusing dialogue between five young ladies, Mrs. T. D. Delp, Mrs. E. E. Roop, and Misses Dora Kintzel and Cora Ford. Standing in a row, the one in the centre asked the others, "Guess what is in my pocket."

Needless to say all sorts of funny guesses were made without guessing the right thing, and they finally gave it up. They were then let into the secret by the questioner pulling out her pocket, when there was revealed nothing more than a hole—pshaw! After this all those present were invited to try their luck in solving the newest "Gold and Silver Problem," (a simple game of moving a number of gold and silver colored balls into their proper positions in a small box,) each person being given a minute to do it.

Two handsome fairy lamps were set up as prizes for the successful players; but nobody won, and the lamps were subsequently auctioned off for the benefit of the Social Fund of the club. Among the visitors to the club on that evening was a young gentleman who has quite a reputation as a sign-maker, and, this being known, he was called upon to give a rendition. He pleaded that he was not prepared for the occasion, but still he gave a very graceful rendition of the popular and beautiful anthem, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and was heartily applauded. [Here is an instance which shows how much pleasure the deaf derive from the sign language, to which we call the attention of ultra-oralists. The hymn is an old one, but when gracefully signed is as pleasing to the deaf as singing it is to the hearing.] This completed the mental part of the program, and the physical was then well satisfied by a plate of delicious grapes which the Social Committee had kindly provided.

The club has arranged an excursion to the Switchback, popularly known as the Switzerland of America, for next Saturday. It is expected that twenty persons or more will attend it. All will be welcomed. The train leaves Market Street Station, Philadelphia and Reading R. R., at 7:30 on Saturday morning, October 3d. R. M. Ziegler has charge of the arrangements, and tickets should be procured from him either before or on the morning of the excursion, not later than 7 o'clock. The fare for the round trip is \$2.50, which is about one half the regular excursion rate.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer*, on Friday last, contained the following account of the marriage of the young deaf couple here last Thursday:—

Joseph Mayer, Jr., of 2619 Germantown avenue, and Miss Matilda Hertfelder, of 2326 Brown street, were married in St. Bonaventura's Roman Catholic Church, Ninth and Cambria streets, yesterday morning. Both the contracting parties are deaf, and the ceremony was performed in the sign language. Father P. J. Whelan, of St. Gabriel's Church, who is a teacher in the sign language, performed the ceremony.

Frank Mayer, brother of the groom, acted as best man; Miss Clara Spaeth as bridesmaid, and Miss Emma White as maid of honor. John Mayer was usher.

About five hundred people were present, among whom besides the relatives of the couple were a large number of friends, also invited.

Mr. Mayer is a son of Joseph Mayer, a bottler, of 2619 Germantown avenue. He was educated at Milwaukee, Wis., and at Jacksonville. Miss Hertfelder was educated in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, now located at Mt. Airy.

The acquaintance of the two young people was formed during their attendance at various social events among the deaf.

In the evening a large reception and supper was given in the hall at Germantown and Lehigh avenues, at which there was a large attendance of friends of the newly married couple.

Mrs. Mayer was an Episcopalian until two weeks before her marriage when she changed to the Roman faith to please the Mayer family.

The couple received a number of beautiful and useful presents among which the following are from their deaf friends:

Two bronze mantel clocks by the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Club, of which Mr. Mayer is a member; a handsome rocker by J. Geo. Dittmar; a silver pitcher by J. J. Tafe; a fine chamber set by E. A. McCarthy, two flower vases by Miss E. O'Rourke; a table cloth by Miss Ida W. Zimmerman; a blanket by Mr. and Mrs. T. McCarthy; and two pretty wine bottles by Miss Katie Buck. We wish the couple a happy life.

The following taken from the *Sunday Inquirer* will explain itself:—

The new addition to the Home for the Training in Speech of Deaf Children, at Belmont and Monument avenues, has been completed, and will be formally opened in a short time. The building will accommodate some thirty children, who will be taught to cook and will be carefully trained in all the details of household duties.

These children will range in age from 12 to 16 years. They will be taken from among those of the main institution.

The home was opened February 1, 1893, in an old building attached to the Methodist Orphanage. A plot of ground was donated by Colonel Bennett, and through the assistance of the State and many friends the present building was erected in 1893.

The work has since grown so rapidly that it became necessary to erect this additional building.

It is built entirely on the principle of a home, and fitted in such a way as to furnish an opportunity for the family of children who will occupy it, to receive thorough training in domestic and household duties. The new house was erected at a cost of nearly \$18,000, of which \$15,000 was appropriated by the State.

Wm. H. Lipsett's brother, Joseph W., has been nominated as a candidate for membership in the State House of Assembly from the Fourth Ward. He is known to many of us and, if elected, we hope he will use his influence in behalf of the deaf whenever it may be needed.

Charles Cole and Michael Gormley, both of Old City, Pa., spent the whole of their vacation of a week in the city. They have since gone home.

Mrs. Charles W. Longenberger, of Williamsport, Pa., is at present the guest of Mrs. J. E. Pollock, of Frankford, having come with her three children who are pupils of the Mt. Airy School.

Holy Communion will be celebrated at All Souls' Church next Sunday afternoon at 2:30. The Bible Classes will begin another term after service.

R. M. Ziegler is not a silverite as he has been reported in the *Register*. He is in heart and soul for the yellow metal.

Miss Mattie Marshall, of Marens Hook, Pa., is visiting friends here and may remain several days.

H. Leidy has just returned from Atlantic City after a month's sojourn there.

George R. Harper, of Williamsport, Pa., is trying to find work here. He is a laster.

The sixteenth annual report of the Pennsylvania Diocesan Commission on Church Work among the Deaf is being sent out.

Miss Ida W. Zimmerman spent six weeks at her sister's cottage in Atlantic City.

There will be a grand drawing by the Fairmount Rowing Association, 23d and Fairmount Ave., for a high grade bicycle next Monday, October 5th. Mr. A. J. McGahan, the only deaf member of the association, will be there and glad to receive his deaf friends, a number of whom have bought tickets for ten cents each. They will find him on the third floor.

Mr. McGahan won an umbrella at a prize drawing recently.

The Local Committee of the National Convention has not yet been able to close its business. There is some money owing to it which is taxing its patience. When this is collected, Chairman Ziegler will send the Treasurer of the National Association a nice little sum.

The daily papers say that a deaf-mute prize fighter, by the name of Moe, is coming to test American muscle.

Prof. Kirkhuff now rides a "bike," and Prof. Harris Taylor is learning to ride too. Who next? Dr. Crouter?

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Reilly O. Scheib, at Reiner City, Pa., on the 11th inst.

It is said there is a little deaf Cuban at Mt. Airy. This leads our thought to ruined and desolate Cuba. Are there many deaf among its population? If so, think how ill some may have fared since the war began. The girls, Oh, the poor girls!

J. S. R.

PHILA., Sept. 28, 1896.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious, and never, as a class, indolent.—*Everett*.

Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—*Bulwer*.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Doings of a Week at the Green.

THE GALLAUDET COLLEGE A. A.

And the O. W. L. S. Elect Officers.

From our Washington Correspondent.

What we may properly term the Novitiate sermon was given by Professor Draper in the chapel this afternoon. His discourse was based on "What hast thou," taken from Judges 18 : 3, with "Our Own Things" as the topic of discussion. It was interesting and instructive, especially so for those that rally under a Free Silver Standard. In "Our Own Things" were included Property, Opportunity, Memory, Thought, Feeling and Character. In connection with property and character, appropriate remarks were made on the great political issues now agitating the people of our nation. The sermon was brought to a close with the following words of Washington:—"We will raise up a standard under which all wise and honest men may unite."

The foot-ball season opened last Monday with light exercise in the gymnasium, after which the candidates took their usual run around the course leading to the gridiron. The men, under the direction of Mr. Hall and Captain Smielau, practised tackling, passing, and falling on the ball. A new code of signals was given out Wednesday, and on Friday the first eleven played its first practice game with the scrub team. The new men displayed considerable ability in their positions, and it will be only a matter of time and constant practice to get them down to a good team-work standpoint. Lester Rosson, a brother of Rosson, '99, and Darly, I. C., are the acquisitions to the team. The eleven will not suffer with the vacancies made by Hubbard at quarter, Grimm and Dudley of last year's team. Rosson, K. S., was for several years quarterback on his team at the Tennessee school and bids fair to hold his own. He has the requisites of a good tackler and is quick in passing the ball. The first game of the season will come off on October 3d, on the "Garlie" grounds, when the Gallaudets will have for their opponents the team representing the Eastern High School.

The G. C. A. A. held its regular semi-annual meeting Saturday. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Kestner, '97; Vice-President—Rothert, '98; Secretary—Zahn, '98; Treasurer—Jackson, '98; Scorer—Kestner, '97; Base-Ball Manager—Smielau, '97.

No very important business was transacted. The position of "Musical Director," "Yell-Master," "Field Marshall," or whatever you call it, left vacant by Fellow Clark, '96, was filled by the appointment of Nicholson, '97, to the honor. He assumed the responsibilities of his office at 12:30 P.M. and led the students in the popular yell of the college:—

"Wah-hoo-wah,
Hoo-wah-hoo,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Buff and Blue."

The O. W. L. S. met in the "co-ed's," library Saturday evening and elected the following ticket to guide the interests of the organization:—

President, Miss Kershner, '97; Vice-President—Miss Leyder, '98; Secretary—Miss Price, '97; Treasurer—Miss McGowan, '98; Librarian—Miss Rogers, '99; Critic—Miss Titus, '00.

The reading room started by the lady-students last year is now managed by Misses Price, Chairman; Runck, '98, Secretary; Rogers, Librarian; and Ethel Taylor, Assistant-Librarian.

The "Lit" society held its first meeting of the term Friday evening. Only one of the three resignations tendered was accepted, and that was of Jackson, '98, who has taken a course in the Y. M. C. A. and will not be able to attend the meetings. The "ducks" were not present in full, but those who were there, were admitted to membership. We are unable to conjecture whether those "ducks" who did not present themselves, were afraid lest some trick be perpetrated on them, or kept busy "polishing up" for the reception held in the dining-room. Opinions differ, but the majority think it was the former and not the latter reason of their non-appearance.

A good deal of the money brought from home by the students has taken flight to foreign pockets. Auction sales have been going on every other day in the week, the

bidding being of a mild sort, however. Two wheels in excellent (?) order were knocked down to \$1.81 and \$3.35. The new possessors seem to understand how to make the best out of an old thing.

Tappan's agent was out with a line of sporting goods and, as usual, went away with a good many orders. Manager Whitlocke, '97, secured 25% and 30% discount on all goods ordered through him by the students' dining-room Friday evening from 8 to 10. Old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made, and then—

"They sat down and talked
Of their days at home,
And related their wondrous adventures."

Misses Brizendine, of Alabama, Johnson, of Virginia, and Lorgan, of New York, were the latest arrivals for the Introductory Class. Miss Eddy, who received an offer from Supt. Metcalf, of the Utah School, decided to remain among her new "kindred of the feathery tribe." However, the head of the Utah School was not aware that she had entered the Introductory Class when he made that very tempting offer.

Mr. Adams, our instructor in gymnastics was a visitor Friday and was accompanied by a grizzly bear-d.

President Gallaudet and Professor Fay are not as old as their outward appearances indicate, for both keep in line with the thousand and one other bicyclists astride new wheels which seem proud of the burdens they bear aloft.

Marcosson, '95, is now posing as a pedagogue in the North Dakota School, at Devil's Lake.

Fellow Day, '95, stopped in this city on his way to the Kentucky School, and paid his old friends a visit.

A census taken the other day shows a decrease in the families of the Faculty. Herbert Gallaudet has gone to Yale, a Junior; George Gordon to Princeton, a Sophomore; and Miss Marion Gallaudet has entered Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn.

The Introductory Class has lost Charles Schaal, who was suddenly called to his home in Iowa by the death of his mother.

The other day Brooks, '99, mounted a wheel, and rode down 7th Street with all the stately mien of a Sophomore. He espied some "co-eds," coming in the other direction, and in his anxiety to display his etiquette, doffed his hat, but the next instant he found himself on Mother Earth's bosom. We believe that he then found the difference between managing a wheel with one hand and taking off his hat with the other at the same time.

Miss Vandegrift, '99, will represent the college in the columns of the *Minnesota Companion*.

Nicholson has been re-elected president of the Senior Class.

Professor in German: "What is the German for 'with it'?" Senior (with vehemence): "Damit."

At the reception held Friday evening, the following conversation between Miss Gordon, our matron and a "duck" was observed.

Miss G.—"Your name, please."
Duck.—"I am Mr. H—, Yours, Please."

Miss G.—"I am Miss Gordon."
Duck.—"Are you the wife of Professor Gordon?"

In looking over the examination papers of a certain applicant for Introductory Class, this is how "addition" was defined:—It consists of three numbers; the first number is called the numerator, the second is the *minuend*. It adds both.

Requiescat in Pace.—The Shakespearean Club.

Sept. 27, 1896.

F. C. S.

Rev. Mr. Danizer's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

4-10:45 A.M., St. James, Buffalo. Holy Communion.
4-4 P.M., St. James, Buffalo. Evening Prayer.
5-Commemorative service, St. Paul's, Buffalo.
11-10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. Holy Communion.
11-8 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton. Evening Prayer.
15-7:30 P.M., Christ Church, Oswego.
16-6:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
18-10:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester. Holy Communion.
18-4 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester. Evening Prayer.
24-7:30 P.M., Auburn.
25-10:30 A.M., St. John's, Oneida. Holy Communion.
25-2:30 P.M., Trinity Church, Utica.
25-7:30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES OCTOBER 4.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

Forty-fourth Anniversary of the founding of St. Ann's for Deaf-Mutes. Holy Communion with Sermon in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, corner West Eleventh Street and Waverly Place.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown. Combined service at 7.30 P.M.

COLUMBUS.

School Work in Full Swing.

A FOOTBALL TEAM IN THE FIELD.

Society Election—A Book for Little Children.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The present term is now a little over two weeks old, and matters are getting into shape that promise a prosperous and successful school year for all concerned. One need only to take a casual glance through the class rooms to be convinced that both teacher and pupils are taking hold with a will to do good and thorough work. Every room seems a beehive. No drones are in evidence. Order, neatness and gentlemanly bearings prevail everywhere, and such characteristics in a school speaks well for its future success. And these, in a measure, are due to the active co-operation with the superintendent of his subordinates in all that he seeks to carry out for the well-being of those placed under his charge.

Another matter that has tended to place the school this year in better shape earlier than usual, is the prompt arrival of pupils. Already, there are registered three hundred and eighty-five, which is fifteen more than the whole attendance last term.

Some of the older pupils are still tardy but are expected soon, and when they are in, more than the four hundred mark will have been reached, thus placing the Institution the third in rank as to the number of pupils in attendance.

As provided in the new course of instruction, there are two High School classes, a Junior and Senior; four Intermediate A, B, C, and D, and six Primary classes. In the Primary department, however, there are several subdivisions of classes, making really nineteen in the grade.

There is also a subdivision in the B Intermediate grade, one of them being taught by the oral method. The aural class forms one of the three 5th primary grades. There are in all eight classes taught by the oral method, and four of these are composed of pupils who entered the institution for the first time this fall. That is certainly not extending the "marble hand" to those who are advocating this method of instruction. It will thus be seen, that the institution while not blowing its trumpet for either this or that system as the real saviour of the Deaf, proposes to do whatever is best for their general welfare. What more can be done?

Superintendent Jones has an eye on economy, and proposes to lessen the expenses of running the institution to the taxpayers of the State as far as possible consistent with the state of affairs, and at the same time curtail the pupils of no comforts. In a large family like this a great deal of help is necessary, which in the aggregate at the close of a year, in the way of wages foot up considerably. Much of the work to be done can easily be performed by the pupils, and in having them do it fits them the better for such duties after they leave school. At the opening of the term, some of the hired help that looked after the cleaning of the school rooms was dispensed with, and the work is now attended to by pupils. One or two of each class, under the direction of their teacher after the close of the day's work, clean up the room. The work is done just as well, and pupils do not at all seem to mind it. In the kitchen and bakery pupils also assist in doing the work.

Rev. A. W. Mann conducted the chapel services here last Sabbath, and also held Holy Communion at Trinity Parish House afterwards in the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Fancher, of Brice's, came over to attend the services Saturday, and remained until Monday. During their stay in the city, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Leib, of Champion Ave.

Mrs. William Shepherd has been quite sick for three weeks past, suffering from her old enemy, rheumatism. There were fears sometimes that she would succumb. Mr. Charles Wasserstrom, of Cleveland, was shaking hands with his old schoolmate Sunday, and appeared as jolly as ever.

The boat is on the other foot now. For several years past the girls have prided themselves over the fact that they were in the majority. This year, however, the registration shows: boys 204, girls 181.

Miss Mary Fowls took a vacation last week, and went over to Plain City, where she was the guest of Mrs. Levi Taylor for several days. Wednesday she attended the

Marysville Fair, where she met Misses Athey, Annie and Mary Clark, Hattie Reed and Mr. Charles Daniels. Miss Julia Clark, sister to Annie and Mary, died three weeks ago from consumption.

The C. E. Society at its last meeting chose the following officers:

President—W. F. Schneider.
Vice-President—Ida Weidenmeyer.

Secretary—Alvin Thomas Dyson.
Treasurer—Clara Belle Winton.
Librarian—Ida Ohlemacher.
Asst. Librarian—J. VanGorder.
Prayer-meeting Committee—

Slavie Snyder, Chairman; Ezra Hedges, Sarah Cottrill, Roy Crane, Ada Anderson, Frank Reitman.
Lookout Committee—Lee W. Harrington, Chairman; Harley Drake, Grace Munger, Samuel Kauffman, Maggie Owen, Annie Herzog.

The football season is about on, and the boys here are getting into trim for the occasion. The Alerts have made Mr. Zorn manager of the club, Mr. Steward assistant and C. C. Whitehead captain. The club is in need of padded clothes, and a subscription paper is being passed about to secure the necessary funds. The players' positions are as follows: M. Steinwand, Right end; W. W. Smith, Right tackle; C. Urban, Right guard; C. E. Kaylor, Centre; E. Burcham, Left guard; A. O. VanEmon, Left tackle; R. Holmes, Left end; C. C. Whitehead, Quarter back; M. Albert, Right half back; E. Hedges, Left half back; D. Whitehead, Full back.

The girls have been rather jealous of the boys since their return to school, occasioned by the latter having new bedsteads. They are even now, for Thursday their allotment arrived. Friday the old beds were taken out on short notice and replaced with the new ones.

Mr. John Rynn has been about the institution several times this week. He has been playing ball with the Marion Club this summer.

"Every Day Tales: True Stories of Real Children," is a little volume of stories that has recently appeared. The author is Miss Letitia L. Doane, one of the teachers of our Institution.

The book is especially adapted for school children, and would be just the thing for those in schools for the deaf, where a course of reading forms part of the school course. As a library book it would be pleasing and interesting to the little reader.

The print is large and finely executed. An attractive feature of the volume is its illustrations, which are all well drawn, to say nothing of their variety.

The book is worthy of a place in every Institution library. We are informed that Superintendent Shannon ordered a supply for the Columbus Public School Library this week.

Sept. 26, '96. A. B. G.

DO WOMEN KNOW?

That if a screw is soaped before it is put into wood it is much easier to put in.

That a teaspoonful of powdered borax added to cold starch will tend to give the linen an extra stiffness.

That banana peel will clean tan shoes as well as regular dressing.

That cauliflower used for pickles should be prepared by first boiling the vegetable.

That pole rings can be made to run easily by rubbing the pole with kerosene until thoroughly smooth.

That all rugs when shaken should be handled by the middle and not the ends.

That salt dissolved in alcohol will take out grease spots.

That moths dislike newspaper as much as the prepared tar paper.

That court-plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

That a very fine steel pen is best for marking with indelible ink.

That storm serge is the best material for ladies' cycling suits.

WHERE PENNIES ARE COINED.

It is not generally known that all the minor coins of base metal, such as pennies and nickels, are made at the Philadelphia mint, that nearly 1,000,000,000 pennies are coined here every year. This large number is occasioned by the fact that thousands of pennies are lost annually, and the government has some difficulty in maintaining a supply. The profit of the government on their manufacture is large. The blanks for making them are purchased for \$1 a thousand from a Cincinnati firm that produces them by contract. Blanks for nickels are obtained in the same way, costing Uncle Sam only a cent and a half apiece.

Gold is coined in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Not enough of it comes into the mint at New Orleans to make the coinage of it worth while. Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains \$20 worth of gold without counting one-tenth part copper.—*Scientific American.*

PORT CHESTER.

The latter part of August, as Joe Marshall was riding his wheel from Glenville to Port Chester, he struck a pile of dirt that had been left after repairing the sewer, and was thrown to the ground. He was picked up in almost an unconscious condition, and carried to his boarding house. A doctor was summoned and it was found his head and hip were injured so he was laid up two days. As Joe had a week's vacation and was anxious to visit his parents in Bridgeport, he did not enjoy the situation very much.

Hiram Black spent a few days in the city a few weeks ago, visiting friends and places of amusement.

Miss Carrie M. Joy, who was visiting her cousins, Misses Emily Marshall and Minnie Betts, has returned to her home in New Haven.

Mrs. R. J. Martling has returned from a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Grave, of New Haven. Mr. D. S. Betts, who went to West Concord, Vt., via Portland, Me., has returned by way of Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson River. He was much pleased with his visit and the grand scenery he saw. He brought some pretty souvenirs home with him for his friends.

Mrs. Charles Riddle and daughter Sadie, who were visiting friends in town, have returned to their home at New Haven.

Miss Minnie Betts has returned from a week's visit with relatives in Norwalk.

Mrs. A. H. Hoyt, of Norwalk, spent a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Betts. While here, some of her numerous friends planned a pleasant surprise for her. The evening was greatly enjoyed by all present.

On Thursday morning, September 17th, people passing in and out of the station at South Norwalk, were interested in watching a party of mutes in earnest conversation. Could they have understood what was being said, they would have found the party had started out on a picnic to Roton Point. When they had left their homes, although it was cloudy, the sun had burst through the clouds at times, so they felt somewhat safe in venturing forth. But by the time they reached South Norwalk, rain came pouring down in a way that is not very inviting to picnickers. The party consisted of Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. L. G. Marshall, Lottie and Winfield Marshall, and Miss A. S. Betts, of Port Chester; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Martling, and Hiram Black, of Byram, Conn.; Mr. Martin, Mrs. A. F. Marshall and Miss Edith H. Marshall, of Bridgeport. To add to their uncertainty, they found upon inquiry that Roton Point was closed, although any one could go there if they wished, yet there would be no accommodations.

While they were discussing what to do next, Mr. A. H. Hoyt, who owns a large shoe store in Norwalk, came in the station. He is a brother-in-law of Miss A. S. Betts and through her he knew of the plans for the day; and so, knowing they would be disappointed, he kindly invited them to go to his house and spend the day. So taking the trolley they were soon there, and laughingly told Mrs. Hoyt, "they had come to give her a surprise party."

After the first greetings were over, the ladies began to prepare the feast, and by twelve o'clock the merry party were seated at the table, which fairly groaned beneath the load of good things. Soon after, some one said Bert Marshall was coming, and sure enough in he came, all wet and muddy, for he had ridden on his bicycle from Bridgeport, in the rain. He had been to Roton Point in the rain, and not finding us there, had concluded that we had gone to Mrs. Hoyt's.

Mrs. Hoyt can converse fairly well with the mutes, but it is all a mystery to Mr. Hoyt, although he is greatly interested and amused in watching them talk. They were a very merry crowd and not an altogether silent one, either, for fun and laughter reigned supreme.

Some one finally proposed a trolley party, so after the things were removed, they started out to do the town. After a pleasant ride they went to Gregory's Point, and after viewing the place, some of the party danced, while others gave exhibitions in gymnastic feats, and the quieter ones looked on or conversed at their pleasure. But wherever they went every one was interested in watching, what is to them, a strange language, for it is a mystery they cannot fathom.

In going and returning Gilbert Marshall rode his bike and often raced with the trolley to the amusement of the crowd. Bert is a good rider and can do a number of tricks on his wheel. After returning to Mrs. Hoyt's the repast was again spread and much enjoyed. Mrs. M. A. Hirst and Miss Hirst, an aunt and cousin of Mrs. Hoyt, and Miss Betts, came and spent the evening with us. The evening came to a close all too soon, and they left after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt for their kind hospitality.

Miss Edith H. Marshall and Miss A. S. Betts spent the night with

Mrs. Hoyt, returning to their respective homes the next day.

On the day of the picnic George W. Odell went to Bridgeport on business and on his return thought he would join the picnicers; but when he got there he was unable to find anyone and not knowing Mrs. Hoyt's address he came home in disgust.

On Monday, September 21st, Winfield E. Marshall returned to his studies at Rome, N. Y.

MIKE Newman, who was visiting relatives in town, has returned to her home at Mianus.

Gilbert F. Marshall, of Bridgeport, came to Port Chester on his wheel for a number of days' visit. One day he, L. G. Marshall, Jr., and W. E. Marshall, wheeled to White Plains, Sing Sing, and New York in one day. On another day he and L. G. Marshall, Jr., went to New York, visiting Central Park, the Fanwood School, and various places of interest, returning about eight P.M.

Bert returned home on his wheel last Tuesday, accompanied by L. G. Marshall, Jr.

Leslie G. Marshall, expected to return to Port Chester the next day, but remained to attend the funeral of Mr. Gibbons.

Mr. J. Drumm, spent two weeks with friends at Troy.

Fritz Miller, returned to his studies at Hartford at the beginning of the school term.

Joe Marshall has been in Bridgeport for a few days.

Charles Boerner has obtained a good position in the nut and bolt works.

Wm. S. Hill, who was in Yonkers last week, has returned home.

Sept. 28, 1896. BETSEY.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—With your permission, I pen a few lines, trusting this will interest many readers as well as lovers of the American Sport, and it is my intention to direct those who are seeking game, health and pleasure, to the many objects of beauty in this wonderful Adirondack Region, and I am sure it will fill the sight and mind of any deaf-mute, who journeys along our grand old Hudson River, on one of those peerless passenger trains of magnificent steamers on the Hudson River with delight.

Two weeks ago I accepted an invitation to join a party of hunters on a month camping tour through the Adirondacks. Among the party there is several deer hounds and three valuable pointers. Most of the work of cooking in camp depends upon the writer, who has had many years' experience as a cook in the backwoods along Lake Champlain and Lake George, and I can say I enjoy the sport. Although it is serious for one to make a first class dinner of a string of beautiful trout, a wild wood-duck, a partridge or a woodchuck. So for venison that is quite easy, and a large slice cut from the hind quarter of a deer, when fried makes with onions a delicious meal, which is the favorite among the campers.

Back of our camp, nailed to the sides, can be seen the skins our many a four-footed animal that has bit the dust, and among them are the skins of three large deers and a black bear, although, none has fallen to my skill, I hope to bring down two before we break up camp for home. An indispensable adjunct of every home in the woods is the jolly structure called the "open camp." Originally designed simply as a hasty, temporary shelter of slabs, bark, and boughs for the use of hunters, it has been improved upon in shape, size and quality of material and construction, until many examples found of the private "camps" are beautifully artistic rustic affairs, wherein the happy campers, and hunters rally after supper and sing, tell stories, and crack jokes. While the blazing logs in front give the scene a weird and ruddy tinge, very fascinating to those who have participated in such an unconventional, evening's entertainment. Many persons, even ladies who are fond of the sport, prefer to sleep upon the balsam boughs, wrapped in blankets in the open camp. Warmed by the flickering embers of the evening fire and lulled to rest by the passing of vagrant winds through the pinetops, the music of splashing waves, and the notes of sleepless night-birds.

One fine afternoon during the absence of the campers, I was up to Schroon River fishing for black bass, and had not been fishing very long, when suddenly my attraction was drawn across the river by the sound of a rifle, and to my surprise I beheld a large buck struggling in the water between life and death with several hounds clinging to its ears, tail and hide. The water looked as if it had changed to blood all around the struggling mass. The struggle lasted only a few minutes, when the buck turned over on his left side and was towed to the banks of the river dead, and was claimed by a hunter whose skill had brought it down. It was a pitiful sight to behold.

The principal gateways from New York City, and the shortest, are at Herkimer upon the line of the New York Central & Hudson

River Railroad which is the most important point to Dr. Seward Webb's New Adirondack Railroad, which extends from Herkimer to Malone, N. Y., and at Saratoga, from which the Adirondack Railroad extends northward to North Creek, and at Plattsburgh, from which place the Chateaugay Railroad (narrow gauge) passes up to Saranac Lake.

At Saranac Lake and Village. This pretty hamlet now enjoys a world wide reputation as a place of refuge, both summer and winter, for consumptives. All testimony goes to prove that many lives are annually saved among those who come here to breathe the pure, dry atmosphere peculiar to the region.

A visit to Childwold Park, Saranac Lake, Raquette Lake, Tupper Lake, Nebasane Park, The Amersands, Lake Placid, Mirror Lake, Meacham Lake, Rainbow Lake, Loon Lake, Shroon Lake, and Rainbow Falls at Ausable Chasm, are worth going miles to see. At Rainbow Lake, trout is plentiful, and the sportsman who starts out for a day's fishing, returns liberal rewarded for the exercise of his skill. In fact the largest trout on record have been caught there. A few days ago one of our campers caught a hedgehog alive and brought it to camp, one day the writer was plugging it, he nearly ran one of its long thorns through his left forefinger. Up to date game is so plentiful that one need not go a mile from camp without knocking over a pair of partridges, a couple of gray squirrels, a woodchuck, or a deer. Although I am the only silent person among the campers, several of them are well acquainted with the deaf-mute language and signs which is easy for the writer to communicate with.

Among the mutes the writer has seen in his wandering through the Adirondacks from place to place were: Victor Gadoway of Schuler, Falls, up near Saranac Inn, Melvin Chase, who resides near Schroon Lake, Edgar Hayes, of Lake George, and two others whose names he was unable to get on account of their having never attended a deaf-mute school, and who were ignorant of his questions which he found it very difficult to make them understand. Victor Gadoway, notwithstanding being a deaf-mute, married a hearing lady and is living very happily. They have two bright and rosy hearing children. Nearly all are farmers and their crops are very excellent this year. The writer expects to visit friends in Plattsburgh on his return home in about two weeks, when the hunting season will be over. It would be well for R. E. L. N. to extend the rest of his trip next season to the Adirondacks.

Trusting this will fill a column of the JOURNAL, and that it will interest one and all, I'll now lay my pen aside, as I must get supper ready for the campers.

E. C. L.

THE DUTY OF PATRIOTISM.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale said in a recent sermon:—

"Our boys and girls are to be trained not only to know this, but to feel it. They are to be Christian patriots; and then we are sure they will be good citizens. They are never to see their flags without a grateful smile. They are never to sing their country's songs but as they sing their hymns in worship. They are never to call their birth a poor accident of fortune; always they are to thank God as the first of his gifts and the greatest, that they were Americans. Or, if he has brought them in the shadow of his clouds, by day, or in the blaze of his watchfires by night, from less favored lands, over some red sea of blood, or through some desert of hunger, always they are to thank Him that America welcomed them with a mother's breast; and she wept with them in a mother's tears.

Then cheer the flag, this dear old flag,
That stands for education;
Brave boys and girls with loud huzzas
As its proud exaltation.
Then cheer the flag, our dear old flag,
The emblem of the nation;
From sea to sea, for liberty
It floats for all creation.
—Youth's Companion.

A Courteous Hint.

A man owned a great many chickens. A young lady lived next door to him. The chickens often went through the fence and into her flower-garden. They spoiled and broke the flowers. The young lady asked the man to keep his chickens at home, but he did not care. Then the young lady tried a plan.

She took many small cards, and wrote on them, "Please keep your chickens at home." She tied the cards to grains of corn with thread. Then she threw the corn on the ground among the flower-beds.

The chickens came and eagerly swallowed the corn. The cards hung near their bills. They could not get free of them. About thirty chickens went home with the card. The owner read them, and was ashamed. He cut them off, and cooped up the chickens. They never troubled the young lady again.—*Adapted.*

In Memoriam.

Again the golden flood has set
Across the autumn hills,
And breaks in waves of starry light
Along the woodland rills.

It paints its smiles upon the trees,
And through its voice he dumb,
It whispers of the summer gone,
And of the days to come.

It speaks not though to one fond friend,
Whose joy it was to sing
Of Beauty in her radiant robes—
The glory of the King.

And as again the harvest comes,
With wealth of golden cheer,
We're deeply minded of her life,
So fair, so rich, so dear.

No brush can paint the picture true,
The countless years alone
Can garner in the harvest-tide
Her faithful hands have sown.

The sunset bends its heaven-kissed arch
Across our shadowed way,
And bids us seek her glorious home
In yon Eternal Day.

Though tears may blind our pathway still,
We yet shall find more bright
The way her loving footsteps led
Through rugged paths of Right.

W. B. HILL.

The Great Wall of China.

"China abounds in great walls," remarks a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter; "walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—all after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the Great Wall of China, built 213 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses, some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 feet thick, 1200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of his gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, and swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all were toys. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent."

The English Language.

From The Commonwealth.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes. But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese. Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese; and a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice. But the plural of house is houses, not hiee. If the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine. But a bow if repeated is never called bine. And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet. And I give you a boot would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth. Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed kesse? Then one would be that and three would be those. Yet hat in the plural would never be hose. And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren. But though we say mother we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him. But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim. So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the queerest language you ever did see.

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The average amount of sunshine per day in London is four hours.

A new tire, made of steel, is being talked about in cycling circles.

A Stratford boy died from meningitis, resulting from a black eye got at school.

Two thousand Latter Day Saints missionaries are said to be in England just now



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